

Evening Telegraph

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1864.

Spirit of the New York Press

Leading Editorials from the New York Papers This Morning.

The Southwestern Victorians.

General Thomas fairly and equally divides the honors in the Southwest with General Sherman. Every day adds to the magnificence of Thomas' victory in Tennessee, charging at once out of view of the grandeur of the victory sealed in front of Nashville on the first three days of battle, and adding to the completeness and importance of the triumph by the vigor and success of the pursuit. It is twelve days since this morning since the battle commenced by the great assault of our forces upon the Confederate army, which Gen. Davis and General Head had the authority and foolishness to march into Middle Tennessee and up to the capital of the State.

From our views of the first day on the Rebel left—from the second day's victory “all points”—from the third day's victory which sent the enemy racing toward Franklin—through the general pursuit which began on Sunday last week and lasted till the week's close, leaving立and it's wreck of an army upon the south side of Hatchie river—our forces have enjoyed a series of successes, but, though it was demonstrated to the world in the capture of prisoners and artillery which have been officially and unofficially counted in our columns.

Gen. Davis' army has certainly suffered a more complete defeat than any army in the course of the war. We have had nothing so approaching or parallel to it. Were not the evidences of it in men, material, and other available proofs, actually in our possession, we might be disposed to think that such a long, fatiguing, and costly campaign and journalistic reporters were discrediting the truth.

Those who would like the pursuit to be faster than it is, must remember that it is undertaken in March, when the rivers are at their height, and remember the grim mudholes that surrounded a pursuit in such weather as has prevailed for the last fortnight there as well as here—in sand and mud overhanging, while under foot the roads are covered with mud, and the mud is as thick as mine. Under such circumstances we think a pursuit of forty miles in the first six days of last week, through the hills of Tennessee, between Nashville and Duck River, was something extraordinary, and we trust to a determined and splendid trim of Gen. Thomas' veteran army.

With General Sherman carrying his conquests over the length and breadth of the State of Georgia, and General Thomas driving to utter destruction the dry gray army which the Rebels call the “army of light,” we may well close the chapter of the year, and look for the total extinction of the Southern Confederacy and its arms before many months of another shall have been counted on the calendar.

The Triumph of the Truth.

In a year which will always be memorable in our annals toward its close, the great principles which underlie the present contest are not only more heartily recognized by ourselves, but more accurately comprehended by other nations. In public, just as in private affairs, the commonest imputation is that of a narrow and hungry selfishness which, even when it is deserved, the practical pressure of events leaves for a time unrefuted. This is the misfortune of most human actions which have other than palpable and temporary motives; and to this, in part, must be attributed the ready distortion of American passions and purposes which has marked foreign criticism of our conduct.

To the aristocrats we seemed to promise too much—to the Democrats too little; and thus, between the apprehension of the one and the hasty misapprehension of the other, we were blamed alike for our sins of commission and omission, and while we exasperated our enemies failed to satisfy our friends. It was early foreseen by all who cared at all for our national consistency, that unless we wanted a war as purposeless and as inconclusive as the faction fight of an Irish fair, we must not shrink from the potentialities of the conflict, and of taking the field. The Slaveocracy by the thousand and strangling it, to the great joy of the good and just of all nations. The argument against us, whether it came from eager foes or disappointed allies, that we sought only the status quo, was never quite true.

The first black bird, by the war was its living, embodied, and final refutation; and now, with our policy solemnly declared, we have a right to ask for sympathy from all who prefer to believe in a human government, in the shades of kingship or of hereditary aristocracy. There was a time when our declaration would have brought us no strength; but kings and cabalists can no longer afford to disregard the democratic tendency of the world. The stars of our nation, of an outward fons—of our favor—fading in the light of a new morning. The century will not shun its inimitable material progress by any adherence to obsolete and clumsy social forms.

It is wonderful to notice how far a sympathetic proclamation of the President has been received, even in England. It may not change the views of aristocrats and traders, but at least it has closed their class ranks, and while upon the broad waters, the power of the stragglers toward a higher social position, the effect has been almost electrical. Our British friends now occupy a vantage ground from which they may defy misrepresentation and abuse, and, in their turn, we may, in our own estimation, in the world—no longer be the objects of contempt in which we do to others; we no longer provoke ridicule by continual inconsistency; we no longer stand up for a giant wrong in defiance of the fundamental principles of our Government; we no longer, indeed, by our conduct in the world—no longer dream of clinging to a political system ridiculous by inevitable contradictions—we have outrun the follies of our plain old chivalry, and we have earned the right to more freedom, the widest and deepest sphere of action which was, in our power. An attitude like this extorts the gratitude and the good wishes of all seekers for a noble civilization, wherever they may be laboring in behalf of mankind. We are no longer fighting merely our own battle. We are engaged in the cause of justice and truth, which is the cause of the whole human race, and ours will be its grande.

So when, upon this happy New Year's time, the generous and winged east winds send us across the ocean a welcome gift of snow, and when the English “people” hold out their hands, hardened by age, and bid us God speed with an honest voice—when all that is left of democratic sentiment in France is with us when large bodies of Frenchmen are marching to the polls to vote for God, cheerfully and with a good cheer, it is a blessing of God that we can send back to them words of hope and encouragement, and bid them mark that the fight is going bravely on, and that we are seeking no doubtful, no dim horizon, but the bright and glorious sun for the continent. We will save it, for a long age, perhaps, from the palely embrace of a frozen abomination—we keep it as the refuge of the oppressed and the debranded hordes of Europe; we hold it as the practical demonstration of man's possible happiness—we consecrate it as an ark of safety, in which his chances of a higher destiny shall be preserved. This may be sacred as a delusion and scoffed at as an imbecility. We do not pause to dispute with the world, and we do not define from it the right. We seek the establishment of a Republic as perfect in construction as it is pure in theory, and we all who ride out our enthusiasm, we bid you hold it as a high ideal, and the experiment should be tried—tried fairly and thoroughly, with no adulterating mixture of contradictory theories, and perhaps fatal admixtures—as tried as it has never before been tried since the Ark created the world.

We have, however, as a people, with too sensitive regard for the good opinion of other nations. This war, if it has taught us nothing else, has at least shown us the relative value of the complaisance which is exhibited by fear, and the boldness which will, with greater consciousness of opinion. With the return of peace, and the renewed consolidation of our strength, we shall assume a somewhat different position, for we may say without arrogance, say, with simple truth, that we have been born in the world, and have not been found wanting. We shall contribute an invaluable chapter to history—the record of a civil war undertaken by democracy in defense of democracy, and of a victory consistent with itself, and vindicated by God. This lesson the world has learned, and this lesson, by the grace of God, it shall now!

FOURTH EDITION

SHERMAN—THOMAS—BUTLER.

The Movement on Augusta and Charleston.

OPERATIONS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

The Pursuit of Hood to the Tennessee.

Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

Special to the Evening Telegraph.

WASHINGTON, December 27.—News received this morning, at the War and Navy Departments, from Wilton, is favorable. The Secretary of the Navy says that the expedition will accomplish all that was expected of him—namely, the reduction of Fort Caswell and Fisher, thus hemmingly sealing this great Rebel retreat.

General Sherman has, in accordance with his despatch to the Secretary of War, ascended the Savannah river for the purpose of taking Augusta, the most important material point now left in the South, and swinging down on Charleston, destroying all its railroad communications by the way.

General Thomas has brought Hood to a stand on the Tennessee river, rendered impasseable by heavy floods.

Hood is without artillery or pontoon trains.

No Late News from the Army and Navy.

WASHINGTON, December 27.—The Navy Department has no late intelligence from Porter's fleet, nor had news been received by the Government up to 2 o'clock to-day of army or naval operations in any quarter.

Officers.

WASHINGTON, December 27.—Alexander G. Chandler, of the Prussian Legation, died here today.

Pardon of a Convict.

NEW YORK, December 27.—Cassouli, who murdered Policeman Anderson several years since, has been pardoned.

The French Mission.

NEW YORK, December 27.—The Commercial's special Washington dispatch, says Fessenden is a candidate for the French Mission.

The Greene County

OIL COMPANY.

Incorporated under the general Mining Law of the State of Pennsylvania.

CAPITAL STOCK \$750,000.

Divided into 150,000 Shares, Par Value \$50.

20,000 SHARES RESERVED FOR WORKING CAPITAL

WILLIAM B. HOOD, President,

No. 249 S. Sixth Street.

WILLIAM B. PRICE, Treasurer,

No. 635 Walnut Street.

JAMES D. CAMPBELL, Secretary,

No. 248 S. Sixth Street.

DIRECTOR.

WILLIAM B. HOOD, No. 249 S. Sixth Street.

THOMAS C. LOVE, No. 1019 Chestnut Street.

WILLIAM S. PRICE, No. 635 Walnut Street.

ROBERT S. CULIN, No. 325 Coster Street.

WILLIAM L. MCKINNIS, Second and Callowhill Streets

A lease of land—of which, with the exception of twelve acres, is situated on the Duckard, Whinney, and Tom-McCrae creeks, in the townships of Franklin and Perry, in the state of Ohio. The remaining twelve acres are upon Duckard creek, in Muskingum county, West Virginia. These lands have been held by the Company for nearly two years, and are now in the district of Greene county, with a view to their value as property. One-half of the land is held by the Company as property, and the part held by the Company is always nearly opposite to the Phoebe Well. A garrison has been established there, and a fortification made.

A lease of twelve acres of the Solomon Bowers Farm, on Duckard creek, in Muskingum county, West Virginia, for a term of twenty years, to be paid in rent, and to be held by the Company for the convenience of the Company, yielding but one-eighth of the oil royalty to the owners, except in a single instance, where one-fourth is reserved.

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embodied, and final refutation; and now, with our policy solemnly declared, we have a right to ask for sympathy from all who prefer to believe in a human government, in the shades of kingship or of hereditary aristocracy. There was a time when our declaration would have brought us no strength; but kings and cabalists can no longer afford to disregard the democratic tendency of the world. The stars of our nation, of an outward fons—of our favor—fading in the light of a new morning. The century will not shun its inimitable material progress by any adherence to obsolete and clumsy social forms.

It is wonderful to notice how far a sympathetic proclamation of the President has been received, even in England. It may not change the views of aristocrats and traders, but at least it has closed their class ranks, and while upon the broad waters, the power of the stragglers toward a higher social position, the effect has been almost electrical. Our British friends now occupy a vantage ground from which they may defy misrepresentation and abuse, and, in their turn, we may, in our power, extort the same from the world—no longer be the objects of contempt in which we do to others; we no longer provoke ridicule by continual inconsistency; we no longer stand up for a giant wrong in defiance of the fundamental principles of our Government; we no longer, indeed, by our conduct in the world—no longer dream of clinging to a political system ridiculous by inevitable contradictions—we have outrun the follies of our plain old chivalry, and we have earned the right to more freedom, the widest and deepest sphere of action which was, in our power. An attitude like this extorts the gratitude and the good wishes of all seekers for a noble civilization, wherever they may be laboring in behalf of mankind. We are no longer fighting merely our own battle. We are engaged in the cause of justice and truth, which is the cause of the whole human race, and ours will be its grande.

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